

A
Modest Defence
OF THE
LADIES,
In Answer to a Scurrilous Pamphlet
INTITULED,
A Rod in Piss
FOR
HOOPED-PETTICOATS.

*Quid enim pulchrius ea figurâ quæ sola omnes alias
figuræ complexa continet, quæq; nihil asperitatis
habere, nihil offensionis potest, nihil incisum angu-
lis, &c. Cicer. de Nat. Deor.*

L O N D O N:
Printed in the Year, 1719.

Model of Defence
OF THE
LADIES

In Answer to a Scandalous Pamphlet
INTITLED,

A R R I S



HOOPED-PETTICOATS

By Mrs. C. de M. D. 1754
Printed in the Year 1754

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A

MODEST DEFENCE, &c.

I Believe I may safely venture to affirm, That there never was yet any Invention, (although of the greatest use to Mankind) or *Art*, or *Science* in it's *Infancy*, which has fairly elcaped the *Censure* and *Calumny* of the *World*. To give Instances of *Detractors* and *Criticks*, would swell to a large Treatise, which at present I neither have Leisure nor Inclination to Write; nor indeed do I think it reasonable; for to carry down their Memories to Posterity, though it be with *Disgrace* and *Scandal*, is doing something of an Honour to Persons, who should rather be forgot: Or if they must be attacked at all, it should at least be while they are alive, and by such sensible Marks of Distinction, that every Eye may know them, and every Hand point them out.

The Person that I now write against, borders upon the Seventieth Year of his
 A 2 Age,

Age, a remarkable Woman-hater, and pievish to a Proverb; his chief and constant Diet is *Salt Beef, Salt Fish, and Rusty Bacon*, with Sauces composed of *Garlick, Mustard, and Vinegar*; his Drink which very nearly approaches the extreams of *Taplash and October*, he very wisely improves and strengthens by the *Auxiliary Forces of Nutmeg, Pepper, and Mace*, with a large Toast of *Ginger-bread*. Where I must observe that he is acquainted with no other Letters than what come from the *Bakers Press*, I mean the *Alphabet* on his Toast. *Winter and Summer* he never stirs from the *Fire*, for which reason he is so tender about the Shins, that he dreads the approach of a Hoop, as another would a Cut of a Back-Sword. He chaws *Tobacco*, and is very apt to spit upon a Lady's Petticoat, without Apology, if he finds a Hoop within it. He never sits down to Dinner but he commenceth a War either with his Wife, the Company, or the Servants: Or, if he has no body at all about him, He takes up the Poker in a Passion and quarrels with his Fire, 'till he rakes it out.

Now, I hope, I have given such sufficient Marks that no Body can be at a loss either as to his *Person or Talents*. And since no

Ad-

and Advocate for the Ladies hath hitherto
 tant thought fit to take up either a Cudgel, or
 Ba- a Pen in their Defence, I think it my Du-
 ck, ty to employ the latter, being better able
 which to wield it, in Vindicating the Virtue
 s of and Worth of so many among the fair Sex,
 im- who with great Art and Application, have
 For- contrived this Invention of a Hoop, as a
 th a Fortification to their Chastity; for, conside-
 e I ring how many secret Insinuations have
 no been used to betray their Honours, and Vio-
 the lent Attacks frequently made upon their
 his Persons, how could they do less under
 tirs such pressing Difficulties, and considering the
 so Delicacy of their Constitution, than study
 the some immediate Remedy, which might
 d a prevent their lying open and exposed
 co, to every Invader whatsoever, from the
 tti King to the Cobler.

Nature has given them no better De-
 fence, than that of a Bee, a little Sting
 preposterously placed in their Mouths; by
 Anatomists called the Tongue. Four Inches
 at the utmost in length, this is all the
 Weapon Offensive, or Defensive, to guard
 the Beauty of the Creation. For whate-
 ver hath been said of the Power, and Ter-
 nor of this Instrument, either by Women
 Themselves, in a boasting Manner, or by
 Men,

Men, in the Way of Satyr, I will venture to affirm, That if the Tip of the Dragon's Tail, which guarded the Golden-Apples, had not at least in some Degree excelled in Length, in Sharpness, and in Venome, there are School-boys now alive who would venture to Rob his Orchard.

This Instrument in Women, might indeed have been a sufficient Defence, had it a Power of piercing any Part beside the Ear, which are unhappily so contrived in a Diametrical Opposition that it passes in at one Ear and out at tother, without wounding, or even much affecting the Part. This is so unfortunately the Case, That in spite of all it's Faculties in the several Operations of Scolding, Shouting, Squalling, Bawling, Squeeling, many an impudent Rape has been committed. What must they do under these Woful Circumstances? Must they be exposed to every Insolent Fellows Impudence? Should they not make the same Advantages of Reason with us? Reason has taught us the Use of Guns, Swords, and Pistols, for our Defence. Reason has taught them to put on Stayze, Boddice, and Hoops for their security. I know it is Objected by some, That the Women are moved to this kind of Armour by the meer force of Instinct, like Oysters and Muscles.

But

But this is meer *Obloquy* and *Scandal*. For *Oysters* and *Muscles*, like all *Animals* who Operate by *Instinct*, perform their Work without Assistance from others. So *Lobsters* and *Crabs* make their own *Coats of Meal*, nor were ever known to have recourse to a *Blacksmith*. So the *Snail* screws himself into a *Box* of his own making, without any Obligation to the *Turner*, the *Cabinet-maker*, or the *Painter*. So the *Tortoise* builds his *Platform-Roof* without sending to the *Slater*, the *Carpenter*, or the *Mason*. Whereas it is Manifest to all Mankind, in the *Formation*, *Composition*, and *Constitution* of a Pair of *Stayze*, *Bodice*, or *Mantua*; the making of a *Head*, the lacing of a *Shoe*, the *Colour* of a *Stocking*, the *Fring* of a *Garter*, the *Displaying* of a *Petticoat*, to omit many thousand other *Particulars*, there are not only private *Councils* called among the *Ladies* themselves, but many deep *Debates* and frequent *Conferences*, to which upon the several *Grand Incidents* are admitted the *Taylor*, the *Milliner*, the *Shoemaker*, the *Lace-Woman*, and so forth: All which should make us willing to believe, that what they do is rather the Work of *Reason* than *Instinct*.

Upon

Upon this very probable Presumption, that they are moved by *Reason*, whoever opposes their Actions, must oppose *Reason*, and of Consequence ought to be condemned in the Opinion of every considering Man. This I believe will prove to be our *Author's* Case. And I hope before I have done with him, That the *World* will be fully satisfied, His *Rod in Piss* is most deservedly made a *Scourge* for his own *Back*.

First then, as an Argument of his Impartiality, let us observe what a Passion he flies into at his very first setting out.

O tempora! O mores! *What will become of the World? When the young Female Fry comes up to the Dimensions of five Yards and a half round, where shall we Men have room to walk?*

I Answer.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?
I see no Cause for such an *Exclamation*.

The *World* is wide, we shall have as much Room as we have at present. For will not the *Mothers* die and make way for their *Daughters* to tread exactly in their own steps? It is not to be imagined the *Young Fry*, as he calls them, will exceed
the

the Bounds wisely prescribed by their *Ancestors*, the *Radius* from the Center of their Hoop being adjusted to the *Common Stride* of Walking, which is about two Foot. So that we Men to put our *Author* out of Pain, shall have space enough to move in. Besides it is plain the *Legislature* will find themselves obliged to interpose when ever the *Women* shall presume to enlarge their *Petticoats* beyond the present *Dimensions*, which I must confess are already as extensive as the *Nature of Things* will allow. For were they permitted to exceed the present *Standard*, every *Private Gentleman* must be at the Expence of erecting *Gates* instead of *Doors*, not only at the entrance of his *House*, but into every *Chamber* and *Closet*. The *Weight* and *Wideness* of *Coaches* and *Chairs* would be *Immoderate*; the enlargement of *Pews*, and *Oval-Tables*, beyond all Bounds; not to mention the widening of *Chimneys*, the Alteration of *Terras-Walks*; with many more which for Brevity I shall pass by.

Page the 2d. Should a Man have the Misfortune to have a *Wife* — and eight or nine *Daughters*, how shall he be able to cloath them? It must take at least a *Stuff* or a *Silk Shop* for *Petticoats* alone, which

is indeed pretty good Custom for one Family. Let us by a fair Computation allow 24 Yards to every Petticoat, and every Lady to have Three which is 72, this again Multiplied by 9 the Number of Persons, must Amount to 648 Yards. What a fair Step towards a Mortgage must this make? The Neat Cloathing of a Troop of Horse comes to 288 l. $\frac{6}{1}$ s. 10 d. $\frac{6}{10}$ per Annum; and the Neat Cloathing of such a Family comes to 288 l. $\frac{3}{4}$ s. 9 d. $\frac{3}{10}$. which Borders pretty closely upon the Sum before mentioned, and why it should be so, I presume can be best accounted for by those who pay the Money. However at all Hazards I will venture to say, -- Awake ye Husbands, and let your *Wives* wear no more Hoops.

Suppose a Man should have the Misfortune, as he civilly expresses himself, to have a *Wife* with a — Pox I suppose he means, and eight or nine Daughters. I say that such a Man should have his Family maintained at the Publick Charge, as being a great Encourager of Trade. And to deliver my Opinion Candidly, I declare sincerely, I know not one Article that makes Money circulate better than HOOP-PETTICOATS. Our Author very basely overlooks how Moderate the Ladies are

in their Sleeves ; that the Upper Part of their Bodies by *Nakedness*, *Contraction*, and other good Management, does not require above a *Yard*. Nor does he take Notice of their *Huswifery* in the *Metamorphosis* of these *Petticoats*, the *Transmutation* of them into *Chairs*, *Couches*, *Window-Curtains*, *Cradle-Quilts*, *Children's Night-Gowns*, *Husbands Night-Caps*, and *China Ware*. Beside his *Computation* is false, for he supposes the Under *Petticoat* to be of the same *Dimensions* with those cover the *Hoop*, whereas it is visible to the whole *World*, that it is not above half a *Yard* wider than the *Smock*, reaching down about an *Inch* and a half below the *Knee*. As for the Close of this *Paragraph* methinks it sounds like a *Trumpet* to a *Battle*. Does he imagine that *Husbands* are invested with such a *Power* as to hinder their *Wives* to be in the *Fashion*? To deny them *Hoops* which they willingly allow to repair their *Churns* and their *Keeves*.

Modesty obliges me to omit what he says in the *Third Page*, I therefore pass to the *Fourth*, where with more *Malice* than *VVit* He says,

The Make and Constitution of our Ladies since this Abominable Fashion has prevailed,

vail'd, does agree both in Shape and Quality with the Pyramids of Egypt. For as they were Monuments erected over the Dead, so are HOOP-PETTICOATS, because many an Abortion is conceal'd under them.

As for the Shape of the Pyramids if you take in the Lady from Top to Bottom, I cannot but allow he is nearly in the right; but if we Survey them from the Girdle downwards, they are rather Conical. And as touching the Quality of a Pyramid, I must beg leave to oblerve that he is quite wide of the Mark. For, as the *Learned in Physick* say, (and this very Day I consulted Dr. M——l.) Abortions are occasioned through a Suddain Alarm of the *Animal Spirits*, by *Fright* or *Surprize*, whence it comes to pals that the *Fætus* or *Young Animal* is extruded by an *expulsive Faculty*. He farther added, if you please to walk to my Closet, I will shew you a very valuable *Collection* of *Abortions*. Upon this, being willing to gratify my Curiosity, I followed the Dr, and no sooner entred but I thought I had got into a *Fairy-Castle*, for there was a-bundance of little People from the Size of my little Finger, to the Stature of a Span, all Pent up in *Glass Bottles* over Head and

Ears

Ears in *Liquor*. What a happy *Transmigration* (thought I) would this be for some Sort of People, could they but live thus like *Fishes*, and have *Bottles* large enough to hold them. Turning my Eyes to another Shelf, I saw a Number of *Sneaks*, *Adders*, and *Lizards*. Pray Dr. (said I) are these *Abortions* too? No, no, replied he, these are *Rarities*, but the others are not. But what a vast Number of *Butterflies* you have got in these little *Bottles*. Upon this he smiled at my Mistake, and assured me those were *Abortions* too, some of 9 Days, some 10, some a Fortnight old. Upon this I desired his Opinion whether he thought *HOOP-PETTICOATS* were invented, as some imagined, to conceal Things so very *Minute*. He that says so is a *Blockhead* said the Dr; for they were contrived to hide a *Lady's Shape*, when she has spoiled it. To hide an *Abortion* quoth he, were an *Abortion* as Muckle as I am, it would hide it. So that upon the whole *Conversation* we may find, our Ingenious *Observer* knows nothing of *Anatomy*. Now let us proceed to

Pag. 5. 1. 2. If there be any colour of Reason for Ladies being *HOOPED*, it must be because they are the weaker Vessels.

I cannot answer so *vulgar a Notion* as this, without entering the *Lists* with every *Foot-man*, among whom it is known to be a standing Jest; only thus much I must remark, That the *Observation* is false in *Fact*, for the Reasons why other Vessels are Hooped is to contract them into a *Narrower Compass*, and hinder them from *Leaking*, whereas in the *Subject* he applies it to, the *Effects* are known to be *directly contrary*. Towards the latter End of the same *Paragraph* he imputes the Invention of HOOPING Women to † Cuddy the Cooper. But see the Misfortune of the *Illiterate*, had he read *Laertius* he would have found, That HOOP-PETTICOATS had their Rise from *Diogenes* (the first that ever made *Love in a Tub*) who obliging his *Consort* to the same Fashion of Life with himself, and so much *Timber* being too heavy for her to carry, he ordered her a light TUB of CANVASS to be made, which by degrees, having worn out its Bottom, she improved into a HOOP-PETTICOAT, Vid. Laert. vit. Diog.

This without any farther *Animadversion* or *Enlargement* upon it, I hope will

be sufficient to satisfy the *Candid* and *Impartial Reader*, that my worthy Friend is none of the best *Antiquarians*.

Pag. 6. 1. 3. *They first began with one Hoop, but now they have raised them to their Middle, so that they are become a kind of a Gradus ad Parnassum, their Breasts representing the two Tops of that Mountain; but if a Man were to judge by the Flames above, they are rather to be thought a Vesuvius.*

Here he happens to deviate into a *Compliment*; for what greater could he pass upon them, than make their *Breasts* the *Seat of the Muses*? Though I am confident he designed *Vesuvius* as a *Satyr*, yet I fancy it will not give Offence to any one *Lady* that reads it. They all may Glory to have in them the first *Principles of Life*. Is it not by *Fire* that we live? That we have all our *Fruits* and *Vegetables*? That softens the hardest *Metals* into *Fluids*, and brings them into what *Form* we please? Take away the *Sun* out of the *World* and it will be a *Grand Snow Ball*. After the same Manner does not *Fire* in *Ladies* kindle us into *Love*? And *Love* is the *Life of the World*. Does it not *Melt*, *Softens*, and *Civilize* us? Is this not a common saying? THE GENTLEMAN IS A
VERY

VERY GOOD SCHOLAR BUT HE WANTS A LITTLE OF THE LADIES CONVERSATION TO POLISH AND REFINE HIM. And true it is; for they make us *Brush, VVash, Tie VVigs, Cravats, and Bands*, with much more exactness, which undoubtedly gives a quite different *Air and Turn* to a Man of Science. In short so powerfull is their *Fire*. That he who lies *Basking in the Sun-shine of a Ladies radiant Eyes*, will be soon melted down. Nay *Jupiter himself King of Gods and Men* (for the *Fire* of his Thunder prov'd no Security to him) was by the more powerful *Fire of the Ladies* changed into a *Bull, a Satyr, a Swan, &c.* and at last was melted down into a *Golden shower*. Take away the *Ladies Fire* out of the *VVorld*, and the *VVorld* will GO OUT.

One Remark more I shall make upon this *Passage*, because he complains they first began with one *Hoop*, and by degrees *HOOPED* themselves up to the Middle. Did I not say before, *Hoops* were designed as a *Fortification*? And have not your *Moats Circumvallations* one within another, not to say any thing of the *Horn-Work*? That when one *Trench* is forced, in such *Extremity* Men may retire to another.

ther. To make an *Application* of this I believe will be needless, therefore I shall proceed to

Pag. 8. Where he most wittily, according to **Tom Punsibi's* Method, forms his *Hoopothetick Syllogism* thus.

If Hoops were first invented by an infamous *WVoman*, no modest *Ladies* ought to wear Hoops. But Hoops were first invented, by an infamous *WVoman*. Therefore. No modest *Ladies* ought to wear them. I deny his Major. For, although Hoops were first invented by an *Infamous WVoman* yet it is no manner of *Scandal* for modest *Ladies* to wear them. Were not the greatest *Inventions* of Mankind, the Result of the highest *Wisdom*, and only contrived to supply *Defects*? Must Persons of *Quality* walk the Streets in Dirty weather, because *Erichthonius* the first Inventor of Chariots had Crooked Legs? Was the fashionable *Curtsey* in Ladies less agreeable, because the *Dutchess of Portsmouth* found it out to conceal a Stoop in her Rump? Is it any Objection against a full bottom'd Wig, that the old Duke of Buckingham first wore one to disguise the Roundness of his Shoulders?

C

Why

Why then should we so bitterly exclaim against the like Practices in those that partake of the same Reason, Imagination, and Shape, and who are to the full as lively in their Phancy as we can possibly be. For shame think better of a Subject, before you too rashly enter upon it. It is highly unbecoming a Gentleman to use such Language as you have.

Pag. 10. l. 4. *I have heard much of Circles to raise the Devil in, but never could believe it till now.*

It is incumbent on me in this Place to direct my Discourse a little while to my Author. If you have raised a Devil in your own Hoop at home sweet Sir, (for I'll be hang'd if your Wife has not one of the largest) it is *no Body's business but your own to lay it.* But I fear you, like all unskillful Conjurers, can raise more Devils in one Minuit, than you can lay in 7 Years. Had you not been the Aggressor, I'll be sacrificed if the Devil in her had said a Word. But I suppose your Language has been, *I Vow to Gad my Dear, these Hoops take up so much Room at Table, that half the Company is forced to go to the Side-Board. I wish the Devil had the first Inventor of them.* With a few more Pious Reflections

of this kind. Do you think that any *Woman of Spirit* can bear such Treatment? Is she to be stinted of Room at her *own Table*? Next step must be to turn her out of her *House*. Let me tell you these Reflections are natural to a *Lady* of the least Reason. And can you blame her then to shew the common *Resentment* which is due to *Husbands* upon the like Occasion. Learn better Manners, and then you will have a better *Wife*, 'till then she shall never mend.

Pag. 9. A certain *Lady* of my Acquaintance, by too much *Ventilation*, has already lost her *Limbs*, thanks to the *HOOPS* for it, and how can it otherwise chuse, when there is an *Engine* large enough to draw as much *Air* as would suffice for the *Furnace* of an *Iron-Mill*? For my part I am astonished that *Women* are not quite blown up.

Observe the exactness of this Paragraph, how well it hangs together. Can a *Lady* be said to have lost her *Limbs* who still has a *Foot* and *Leg* to shew? I durst venture to affirm though I never saw her to my Knowledge, that she has no other ailment than a *Gout* or *Rheumatism*, which Distempers are never got by *Ventilation*, as he would insinuate, but I rather impute them to a little more *Tea* than ordinary. And now

I mention this *Liquor*, it is very evident since the wearing of Hoops the many *Aspersions* which have been cast upon *Ladies* by drinking of *Tea*, are very much lessened, and it is their own Fault if they undergo any more for the Future. I shall say no more to his *Engine* than this, That the same *Passage* which lets in the *Air* is large enough to let it out again, and therefore there is no reason for his being astonished that *Women* are not blown up. But what need I make a *Philosophical Disquisition* upon a Thing much better explained in a Song made by J—— B——y upon his *Mistress*.

While my dear Sylvia walks the Streets,
 The Winds in circling Eddies Play,
 Within her Hoops and steal more sweets
 Than from the flow'ry Meads in May.
 Cheer'd with the Spicy grateful smell,
 Whether from nameless Part or Toes,
 I never never think I'm well
 But when my Charmer's in my Nose.
 What mighty Pangs of Love I find,
 When Cupid and the Graces warm her!
 Transported I cry out behind,
 Oh that my Nose was in my Charmer!

Thus

Thus the Staunch Dog pursues the Hare,
 With eager haste she runs a round,
 Which to the Hoop we may compare.
 How like the Lover's to the Hound.

There is very little worth Observation
 'till we come to

Pag. 14. 1. 2. It is not improbable that
 the first Hint of HOOP-PETTICOATS was ta-
 ken from a Game by the Vulgar called MY
 LADY'S HOLE.

Here I cannot avoid observing, That an
 Author like a Liar ought to have a good
 Memory; For, Pag. 5. He attributes the
 Invention of HOOPING Women to Cuddy the
 Cooper, without the least Notice of this
 Hint, which might have come in very well
 in that same Paragraph; or he cou'd have
 taken his Hint from the Royal Game of the
 Goose, where there is full scope for Fancy
 in the several Stages of the Bridge, the
 Fountain, the Prison, &c. But the Ladies
 Good Angel got the better of his Evil Ge-
 nius, and upon the whole has made our
 Satyrist an Example of Confusion, Contra-
 diction, and Nonsense. May all Authors
 that abuse the Innocent never meet with
 better success.

For

For two Pages together he runs on with a *silly Digression* upon the Game of MY LADIES HOLE, in which there is nothing worth a *Wise Man's Observation*. But when you think the Subject is quite exhausted, he starts a *New Game*.

Pag. 17. When they dismount either from Coach or Horse, they leap through a Hoop like a Merry-Andrew upon a Stage, and are more than Knee deep beyond the Bounds of Decency.

Granting this to be true, I cannot conceive where is the Crime of leaping through a Hoop: Or, in doing it like a Merry-Andrew; Is it not an Argument of their Activity? I suppose he is angry that their Legs come foremost; Would he have Ladies come down Headlong? I am certain if they did, they would be much more than Knee deep beyond the Bounds of Decency, as he expresses it. Strange that Poor Ladies cannot use a little Stratagem to shew their Fringed Garters, and fine Clocks, but an Author must come upon them with such a vile Interpretation.

Pag. 22. I think the extravagance of their Wardrobe, in the Variety of their Dresses was provoking enough to their Husbands before, without any Additional Tax upon Petticoats. Were Cornelius Agrippa the Conjuror now living, he would desire no other Charms to call

up his Devils than an Indian Advertisment,
his Cados and Ehereie would not open the
Gates of Hell as effectually as Chinces, Cheror-
derries, Silk Calach, Checkerbaffs, Teepees,
Hawkins, Serefuckers, Rattlerails, Culbe-
hnes, Chessus, Taffities, Grogrums, Charbaffs,
Gingums, Cullgees, &c.

Let those who tax this short Catalogue
with extravagance, only read a Passage in
Plautus, where Megadorus calls over the
Muster-roll of Tradesmen employed about
his Wife.

*Stat fullo, Phrygius, aurifex, Lanarius,
Caupones, Patagiarii, Indusiarii,
Flammearii, Violarii, Carinarii,
Aut Manulearii, aut Murrobathrarii,
Propolæ, Linteones, Calceolarii,
Sedentarii, Sutores, Diabathrarii,
Solearii astant, astant Molochinarii,
Petunt Fullones, Sarcinatores petunt,
Stropharii, astant, astant Semizonarii,
Jam hosce absolutos censeas: cedunt, petunt,
Trecenti cum siant Phylacistæ in atris,
Textores, Limbolarii, Arcularii ducuntur;
datur*

*Æs. jamque hos absolutos censeas,
Cum incedunt Insectores crocotarii.*

Vid. Aulul. Act. 3. Scen. 5.

Now see the difference between our
Modern and Ancient Ladies. All that
his Malice could rake together was about

15 kinds of *Indian Goods*, Whereas the aforementioned Old Gentleman in *Plautus* Sums up 329 *Tradesmen* concerned in the Rigging of his *Single Wife*. What an Infinite Variety of wearing Apparel must there be in such a Woman's Wardrobe? Whereas in this Age a *Milliner*, *Mantua-maker*, *Stay-maker*, *Shoe-maker*, *Patten-maker*, *Jeweller*, *Stocking-weaver*, and *Pin-maker* serve to equipp the best *Dutchess* in the Land. Have we not all the Reason in the World then to extol and applaud the *Frugality* of our *Ladies*, who have *Retrenched* their Manner of *Dressing* to such a Degree, as not to have above eight Persons employed in their Cloathing? Certainly we have. If there be any Crime in *HOOP-PETTICOATS*, why is the *HOOP Ring* allowed in *Matrimony*? Let him or any Man answer that, and I will give up the *Cause* and the *Ladies* both. But as he is rather moved by *Spleen* than *Reason*, I will engage in his *Reply* to this, he will not produce one *Solid Argument*, I am certain he has not in any thing I have taken Notice of in his first *Essay*.

But to take leave of him and his Book, I shall trouble the Reader no farther than to put his good natured *Conclusion* in the best Light I can, Of

Of all the Modes and Fashions that ever have been in the World, this of Hoops continues the longest; the Ladies of old used to change their Apparrel agreeably to the Seasons of the Year. But our Modern Dames (Coquettes I should say) are so hot upon't, that without any regard to the Winter's Cold, what with bare Necks and Shoulders above, and bare Legs and Thighs below, they go more than two thirds Naked. Blow Boreas, blow Devil, 'tis all one to them.

To vary Apparell as to Colour and Work, I will allow is very agreeable to the Seasons of the Year, so far to do him Justice, the Author's Notion is right. As for Instance, I should think it a very becoming Dress in the Spring-Quarter, to wear your Flower'd and Garden Sattins, Chinces, Stamped Callicoes, Pink-coloured Knots, and your Ever-Greens. This Time of Year a Lady should look as Gay and as Blooming as a Blossome.

† Which to Apollo's genial Rays,
It's opening Buds and Leaves displays.
Profusely sweet it Scents the Air,
With more than Human Sense can bear. Thus

† Vid. An Almanack Published in the Year 87, for this and what follows.

Thus Phillis with expanded Arms,
 Deliciously dispenses Charms.
 From Nose, and Mouth, and Breasts and Eyes,
 Sabean Odor sporting flies.
 Where'er she treads, where'er she goes,
 She leads her Lover by the Nose.

In Summer your Cherorderries, Flame
 coloured Lutestrings, Roasted Silks, &c.
 would be very well suited to the Season.

Such Cloaths as these would surely prove,
 Right fuel for the Fire of Love.
 What num'rous Crowds of Men would gaze,
 And burn like Moths in Candle blazes,

For the Autumn-Quarter they should
 wear your Yellow Silks, faded Greens,
 and Philomots.

In Autumn ev'ry Female is sick,
 This is the Time for taking Physick.
 A Puny look and Faint Grimace,
 Now best becomes a Ladies Face.
 From Glass and Toilet both retire,
 Keep to the Close-stool and the Fire.

In Winter it would be an Argument of
 very good Management, if Ladies could
 be perswaded to wear Cinnamon, Clove
 Colour and Brun/wicks, being in their own
 Nature Hot, and very fit to hide the Dirt.

By Hail, and Snow, and Storm, and Frost,
 The blooming Countenance is lost,
 And ev'ry Ladies Nose is seen,
 Like faded Parsnip, Pale and Green.
 The Cherries of her Lips become,
 Of the same Hue with the Horse Plum.
 The Damask Rose upon her Cheek,
 Is changed to St. Taphy's Leek.
 In short she's quite another Creature,
 In ev'ry Part and ev'ry Feature.
 And now I think 'twill best become,
 Maid, Wife, or Widdow to keep Home.
 But if they can't bear such Restraint,
 Put on a Summer Face in Paint.

I do not bring in this *Almanack* Quota-
 tion by way of Satyr upon the *Ladies*, but
 some Part of it being for my Purpose, and
 loath to Mangle the *Author's* Sense, I
 thought it seasonable to bring in his Four
 Quarters. His *Autumn* and *Winter* Quar-
 ter are somewhat Merry but no way Scur-
 rilous, if I did not think them within the
 Bounds of Railery, I would have burned
 my *Pen* rather than Transcribe them; But
 as I am confident there is nothing which will
 bring a *Blush* in any Face that sees it, so I
 venture to Publish it for the farther *Infor-*
mation and *Diversion* of Female Readers.
 Having now laid down Rules for the Pro-
 priety

priety of Dress, I would by no Means be understood to advise laying aside the Hoop any season of the Year, it being a *Symbol* of the Year it self; the *Egyptian Priests* as an *Emblem* of this, hung up in their *Temples* a *Serpent* with the Tail in it's Mouth, (in Imitation of which *Cooks* dish up their *Pikes*,) which as to it's Figure was a perfect Hoop. And I must insist upon it, That of all the *Modes* which ever came up, this is the only *Fashion* that can properly lay Claim to last for ever. And therefore I think the following *Inscription* will not be improper, which I compose for the Use of *Ladies* in General.

*Round is my Hoop and has no End,
So is my Love unto my Friend,
'Tis true my Lover may come round me,
By Help of this, but never sound me.
What e'er he has in Agitation,
My Depth's beyond his Penetration.*

To conclude the whole it will not be amiss upon a *Subject* of this Importance to end like a true *Orator* with a *Peroration*.

That the *Circle* is the most perfect Figure, all *Mathematicians* will allow, and were it not too tedious, I could bring numerous *Quotations* from the best Authors

to prove it. One thing for the Honour of *Ladies* the whole World must allow, that the greatest *Mathematicians* could never yet *Square the Circle*, and is not this useful Discovery made out by the *Hoop-PETTICOAT* to a *Demonstration*? For do but observe a *Ladies Hoop* erect in a *Chair*, when the Upper Part is pressed down by her Hand, and you see it becomes an exact *Square*. Here is *ocular Demonstration*. But after all what need I be at so much Pains to argue the Necessity of wearing Hoops? Does not all *Nature* around, seem plainly to instruct them in this *Habit*; for take away *Circles* and *Circular Motion*, and the *Frame* of the *Universe* falls into *Confusion*. Is not the *Milky Way* the grand Hoop that binds in all things? What would become of the *World*, if there were neither *Meridian*, *Equator*, *Ecliptick*, *Tropicks*, *Colures*, *Polar Circles*, *Circle of Inclination*, *Almicanters*, *Circle of Perpetual Occultation*, &c. Does not our very *Life* depend upon the *Circulation* of our *Blood*? Nay oftentimes the very *Life* of a *Parliament* depends upon *Circular Letters*. If I Mistake not, there is a *Northern Tradition*, how true I will not venture to affirm; That the *Petty German Princes* had the
 Cir-

Circles of the Empire Marked out by Ten Women who spread their HOOPED PETTICOATS over that great Tract of Land. But to lay Fable aside, as perhaps this may be one, I will proceed to something more solid, substantial and serious, and make out by undeniable *Arguments* that the *Ladies Hoop* is a *Clestial Hoop*.

The two first Signs the *Ram* and the *Bull* I shall for some *secret Reasons* pass over, nor will I have recourse to the Families of the *Rams* and *Bulls*. But all the rest I hope fairly to make out.

Then, It cannot be denied that the *Ladies* very often have *Gemini* under their Hoops, when a good Inclination to their Husbands, makes them in return present a Pair of *Sons* or *Daughters*.

4. *Cancer* is evidently there, because they go sideway into *Coaches*, *Chairs* and *Churches*.

5. *Leo* is the next, which *Nell Gwyn* made out in a private Conversation with *King Charles* the Second; and there is no Reason to imagine that the *Lion* has quitted his Quarters since Hoops became a *Mode*.

6. *Virgo* indeed in this lower *Sphere* is somewhat uncertain, being such a *Twinkler*, that she is sometimes in and sometimes out.

out. But however it is enough if we can prove her once to be there.

7. I cannot say that *Libra* is a Sign, 'till the Hipps are Equipoised by a Dancing Master, and then they become as exact as a *Hydrostatick Ballance*.

8. *Scorpio* is in the worst kind of *Ladies*; for many a burning Sting is concealed under a Hoop.

9. *Sagittarius* is evident from this, That you must first draw a *Beau* to a Hoop before you shoot your *Arrows*. An *Allegory* obvious enough to any one that will reflect a little Seriously upon it.

10. As for *Capricornus* I refer you to their Husbands.

11. *Aquarius* needs only a Translation to be explained, and *Horace* says

12. *Desinit in PISCEM mulier formosa superne*. So there is an end of my *Zodiack*. To proceed: Has not Nature HOOPED our Mouths, our Eyes and our Ears, and as *Art is an Imitation of Nature*, where is the hurt of wearing a HOOP-PETTICOAT, Wear them Ladies, Wear them I say, in Spight of all *Opposition*. Make up one Grand Hoop of *Chivalry* against such unreasonable Husbands as shall presume to oppose you.
Give

Give up your Hoops, and give up all Rights and Privileges; consider they are the *Bullwark* about your *Cittadels*, the *Enclosure* to secure your *Properties*, and when once they are removed, you are Open to every *Friend* and *Foe*.

8. Scorpio is in the worst kind of Luck; for many a burning Sting is concealed under a Hoop.

9. Sagittarius is evident from this. That you must first draw a Barr to a Hoop before you shoot your Arrow. An Allegory obvious enough to any one that will reflect a little seriously upon it.

10. As for Capricorn I refer you to their *Husbands*.

11. Aquarius to be explained, I have already said.

12. Defiant in his manner formerly.

13. There is an end of my Zodiack. To proceed: This is the Hoop and our Members, our Eyes and our Ears; and as

that is an imitation of Nature, where is the hint of wearing a Hoop-Petticoat, Wear

them Ladies. Wear them I say, in Spight of all Opposition: Make up one Grand

Hoop of Charity against such unreasonable

Husbands as shall presume to oppose you.

Give



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